Yea, mocke the Lyon when he rores for prey,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blinde fortune leading mee,
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And dye with greeuing.

Portia. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduiſde.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me to my chance

Por. Firſt forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt, or curſedſt among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerue me to run from this Iew my maſter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me ſaying to mee, *Gobbo, Lancelet Gobbo*, good *Lancelet*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Lancelet Gobbo*, vſe your legges, take the ſtarte, runne away: My Conſcience ſayes no; take heed honeſt *Lancelet*, take heede honeſt *Gobbo*, or as aforeſaide, honeſt *Launcelet Gobbo*, do not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles. Well, the moſt couragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue mind ſayes the fiend, and runne. Well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to me; My honeſt friend *Lancelet*, being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too, he had a kinde of taſte: well, my conſcience ſayes bouge

bouge not; bouge ſaies t
ſcience. Conſcience ſay I
counſell ill. To be rul'd by
the Iew my maſter, who (
diuell; and to runne away
the fiend, who (ſauing you
Certainly the Iew is the ve
ence, my conſcience is but
to counſell me to ſtay with
friendly counſaile, I will ru
mand, I will run.

Enter old Gob

Gobbo. Maſter yong man,
to Maſter Iewes?

Lance. O heauens, this is
ing more then ſand blind, hi
I will try concluſions with

Gobbo. Maſter yong Gen
to maſter Iewes?

Lance. Turne vp on your
at the next turning of all on
turning turne of no hand, bu
Iewes houſe.

Gobbo. Be Gods ſonties t
tell me whither one *Lancelet*
him, or no?

Lancelet. Talke you of yo
now, now will I raiſe the wa
Talke you of yong M. *Lance*

Gobbo. No maſter ſir, but
His Father (though I ſay it)
Is an honeſt exceeding poore
And God be thanked, well t

Lancelet. Well, let his Fat

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINB